But if blacke scandall or so foule fac't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure plots and staines thereof,
For God he knows and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.
May. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
May. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it please you to be Crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good cousin, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutches of Yorke, Marquesse Dorset, at one dore, Dutches of Glocester at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Sister well met, whether away so fast?
Dut.Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind sister thankes, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Maddam and in health, but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly charged to the contrary.
Qu. The King, why who is that?
Lieu. I cry you mercy, I meane the Lord *Protector.*
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bonds betwixt there loue and me:
I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will see them.
Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:

Then

Then feare not thou, ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doe beseech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies at an houre hence,
And ile salute your Grace of *Yorke*, as mother:
And reuerend looker one, of two faire Queenes.
Come Maddam, you must goe with me to *Westminster*,
There to be Crowned *Richards* royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else I sound
With this deadlking news.
Dor. Maddam haue comfort, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogs thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouerstrip death, goe crosse the Seas,
And liue with *Richmond* from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margrets* curse,
Not mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meet you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardy by vnwise delay.
Dut.Yor. O ill dispersing wind of misery,
O my accursed wombe the bed of death,
A Cokatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoyded eye is murderous.
Stan. Come Maddam, I in all haste was sent for.
Dut. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the inclusiue verge
Of goulden mettal that must round my brow,
Were red hot steele to seare me to the braine,
Anoynted let me be with deadly poyson,
And die ere men can say God saue the Queene.

Qu.

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